MBER 17, 1925

PRICE 15 CENTS

HE ALL YEAR ROUND GIRL



THE SCARLET TANAGER



Do You Love Them Enough to Give Them Parker Duofolds

Beautiful Writers—Constant Companions

These Gifts will make Christmas a Glorious Success

And the Giver Not Forgotten

No better place to start your List of Gifts than here. Not given today and forgotten tomorrow—but constant companions of the favored ones to whom you give them—that's the Parker Duofolds.

At the very first sight of these cheery lacquer-red barrels hearts will glow with joy and gratitude.

And it's characteristic of the Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils to win the devotion of their owners more each day, each year.

The Pen with the hand-size Grip, Over-size Ink Capacity, FreeSwinging Balance, Invisible Filler, and 25-year Guaranteed Point.

The Pencil with Gold Crown Clip and Tip, Hand-Size Grip, and Non-Clog Propeller that turns lead OUT and IN.

A perfect match—a matchless Writing Team. Anything less—a copy or an imitation—is apt to be disappointing to those who have set their hopes on owning the real Parker Duofolds. So look for this stamp—"Geo. S. Parker," and accept none without it, Ready for Christmas at all good pen counters.



Parker Duofold Duette can be had in Black and Gold as well as Black-tipped Lacquer-red but we recommend the color for it makes them hard to mislay. Over-size Duette, \$11; Junior Duette, \$8,50; Lady Duofold Duette, \$8 Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe included



THE PARKER PEN COMPANY . JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK . CHICAGO . SAN FRANCISCO . Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-Size, \$4 . TORONTO . LONDON



MONTREAL

OR

IAMI ~ it's all the same to a Marmon_



FROM one end of the country to the other the truth about this great automobile seems suddenly to have dawned on thousands who previously favored other makes of cars. You know this because everywhere you go, you see more New Marmons on the street—because the New Marmon causes more heads to turn admiringly upon the boulevards. And staid statisticians cast up cold figures which show that Marmon sales have materially increased.

The Greater New Marmon embodying Double-Fire Ignition and other important new developments is now available for demonstration at all Marmon salesrooms.

The NEW MARMON
"It's a Great Automobile"



Don't let sore throat interfere with your winter pleasures

Here was this girl—laid up with sore throat—temperature 102—right at the time when winter sports were at their best. And she an ardent lover of this kind of outdoor fun.

Yet she might have avoided this trouble. Sore throat so often can be avoided by taking the proper precaution at the right time.

There is one simple, safe and pleasant way to do this—by gargling systematically with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Use Listerine the moment you feel that first dry hitch on swallowing. It will usually help you dodge sore throat—also those more serious troubles that start with throat infection.

Make Listerine a daily habit during sore throat days.

Listerine, of course, has many other uses, too, that are described in the blue circular wrapped around each bottle. Take a moment to read it.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE—never on speaking terms with sore throat





WHITE GARDENIAS

produced now by difficult, scientific "forcing." Gardenias have the acceptability of Orchids at Christmas time. They're less expensive, too.



GAY CARNATIONS

in white and red are inexpensive and convey to young and old thoughts beyond the power of words to express.



Say it with Flowers this Christmas

YCLAMEN (above) and other flowers and growing plants with their beauty and fragrance, will express so fittingly your Yule Tide Messages. Flowers can be sent anywhere in the world. Your florist will help you decide which flowers are most appropriate. He has them delivered just when and where you want them by a florist in the city of the recipient.

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS







SCARLET POINSETTIAS

add a note of pleasing flaming color to the Christmas table. They bring a lingering touch of charm. They're inexpensive, too.



FRAGRANT LOVELY ROSES

in countless varieties fragrant and beautiful expressions of the joy of Christmas. At a great range in price, now.







A New Measure of Fine Car Excellence

THOSE who had owned Packard cars for years were convinced that the Twin Six was the ultimate Packard. They did not believe it was possible to improve upon it.

But now these veteran Packard owners are buying new series Packard Eight cars.

And they say that the Packard Eight has qualities they had never learned to expect in any car.

The new Packard Eight cars give their owners:

Wider, more comfortable and luxurious bodies which retain all of the traditional Packard grace and beauty;

More and still smoother power combined with a new ease of control and freedom from gear-shifting;

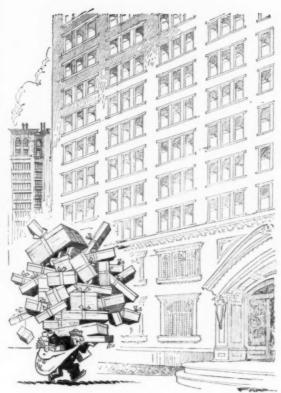
An unusual economy of operation;

And, best of all, the new improvements -the chassis lubricator and the motor oil rectifier which double the life of the car. More, they emancipate Packard owners from the drudgery of constant oiling and greasing operations. On the new Packards proper lubrication is almost automatic.

The owners of Packard Eight cars have had to revise their ideas of how good a fine car can be.

The Packard Eight Seven-passenger Sedan Limousine is illustrated—\$5100 at Detroit. Packard Eight and Packard Six both are furnished in nine body types, four open and five enclosed. Packard distributers and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.





Postman: OH, BOY, THERE'LL BE A BATTLE ROYAL HERE IN THE MORNIN'—TWENTY FAMILIES OF JONESES!

Thoughts of a Modern Child

"HERE it is not yet noon and I've got to pretend to be interested in this toy steam shovel till bedtime. I'll be all right to-morrow when Father goes to the office, if I can only get through to-day. I had a mighty hard time seeming delighted when I came downstairs to the Christmas tree and found all these tractors and tin railroads and bridges.

"But Bessie over there is carrying on over her doll and baby carriage just as if she liked them. That kid should be in the movies; she'll make a great emotional actress some day. You couldn't ask anything more from a nine-year-old than her registering of polite joy.

"Of course, Father has no way of knowing that these things are for children and not for fellows ten and eleven years old. He's basing his ideas on his own experience back in the naïve Nineties. And it wouldn't be sporting to disillusion him, poor old fellow! Well, here goes! Watch me be a kiddie again for half an hour! Dingalingaling! Choo! Choo!"

McCready Huston.

Absolutely

"THE woman who hesitates is lost."
"Worse than that—she is extinct."



A Minor Bard Grows a Little Blue

BY this worn desk whence comes my daily crust (What's twenty thousand nowadays, my dear?) I sometimes muse (as muse one sometimes must) On what I shall have done in my career. I mock at peasant, prince and financier, I flick the fads and follies of the day; But when, alas!* myself no more am here Who will remember what I had to say?

Shakespeare is mingled with the primal dust.

Vanished the clay of Dante the austere.

No longer Swift, with savage cut and thrust,
Impales humanity upon a sneer.

Howbeit, although the body disappear,
Their words live on; their thoughts know no decay,
But when I've joined them on that other sphere
Who will remember what I had to say?

Perhaps some little timid wandering gust
Will blow to you, in a yet unborn year
When you are old and just a bit mistrust
Your memory, a fancy not quite clear
And not quite dim, that titillates your ear.
Now, did you read that long ago or—stay!
Of course it's yours! You must be getting queer!—
Who will remember what I had to say?

L'Envoi

Bah, Prince! I feel a trifle out of gear.

Fame pays no rent! That was a good one, eh? I care not, once I'm paid by your cashier.

Who will remember what I had to say!

Baron Ireland.

*Alas ?-En.



Father: I CAN'T SEEM TO GET A THING.

Son: NEVER MIND, POP. WHEN JANUARY COMES YOU'LL GET THE BILL.



"SAY, CAN YOU LEND ME ONE OF YOUR ALL-SILK ONES? DO YOU S'POSE I WANT SANTA CLAUS TO THINK I WEAR LISLE TOPS?"

MOTORIST: What's the population of this village?

NATIVE: We have four hundred and seventy-eight regular inhabitants and three boys in the Navy.

IN the old days, if a man seemed extravagant, it was said he had a champagne appetite and a beer income; but in this radio age it's a five-tube craving on one-tube wages.

English as She Is Spoke by Collegians

SAM STADIUM: Heard you were snakin' last night.

MAC MCKNICKERS: You heard fluently—I had a bender with a bag. She took me for a fling in her Jumping Dandruff; she calls it the tin you love to touch.

S. S.: Any wrestlin'?

M. McK.: Sure, after I produced the crock.

S. S.: Good guzzler?

M. McK.: Boy, she knew her goolosh, and I don't mean however.

S. S.: Have to put the nose-bag on?
M. McK.: Yes, but I talked her into the Quick and Dirty and gave her ham an' mud.

S. S.: Where else did you drag her? M. McK.: Went to the All-College struggle, but the band was as flat as the punch, so I resumed my horse and left her with Jack.

S. S.: Why didn't you take her to the cemetery?

M. McK.: I had enough, and by that time I craved the flea-bag.

K.W.G

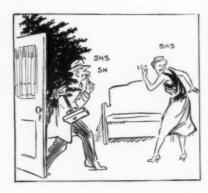
(Dictionary for the Uninitiated will be found on page 33.)

On the Heights

MR. NOUVEAU (explaining his new radio set): Y'see, the waves ain't sound waves or electric waves—they're ether.

MRS. NOUVEAU (correcting him): Eye-ther, George.

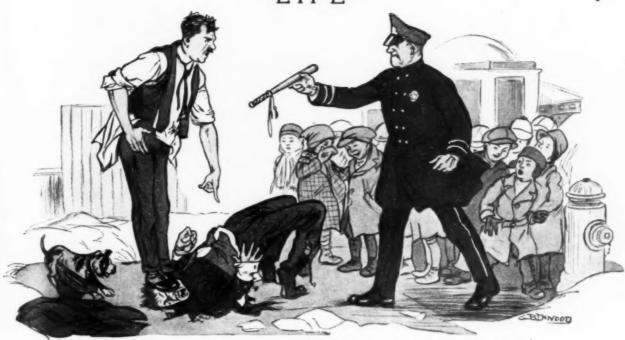
IN Florida: A new boom sweeps







CONCEALING THE CHRISTMAS TREE



Citizen: What am I doing? Why, this blankety-blank crapehanger spoiled my kid's christmas by telling him there's no santa claus.

"Here, take me club, brother—i've got a kid too."

Meditations of a Mother-in-Law

"WHEN we lived out in Peoria an' my Minnie was a little thing, she wore a wool fascinator to school in the winter an' thought she was dressed up. Now, here's her daughter, Ermentrude, smashin' a seventy-five-dollar lamp because she can't have a new fur coat.

"Harold, who is no fool if he is Minnie's husband, says the squirrel coat he bought Ermentrude last year has got to do; but Ermentrude tells him he's all wet, that the old coat's too long and she won't wear it.

"She's a respectful little thing, for

thirteen. When Harold and Minnie tried to explain that they couldn't afford to buy her a new coat, she said their explanation was a boloney, or something like that, and walked out. She either tripped over the lamp or pushed it; anyway, it's broke.

"Minnie was so upset that she could hardly bring herself to go out that afternoon; and if it hadn't been that she was to address the Progress Club on 'The Modern Mother and Her Child' she'd have stayed home."

McCready Huston.

THE only way to beat Wall Street:

Roughage

MRS. BOA CONSTRICTOR: Our son seems to have an attack of acute indigestion. Do you know what he had for dinner?

Mr. Boa Constrictor: Indigestion, eh? Serves the young rascal right, my dear. I told him always to swallow a porcupine head first.

There and Back

"YOU say they are a considerate couple?"

"You bet. All their Christmas greetings are in the form of return postcards."





IN A SMALL APARTMENT

Life



Lines

A SPURIOUS one-hundred-dollar gold certificate has been detected on account of the misspelling of the word "treasury." In these days one needs an education to make money.

JL Sir CHARLES HIGHAM comes here to induce us to become a nation of tea drinkers. Senator CORREA of Brazil leaves us, singing a eulogy of Brazilian coffee. Where is the American patriotic enough to go abroad in the interests of synthetic gin?

Moving sidewalks are proposed for

Paris streets, but many returning American tourists insist they are not necessary. The present ones, they say, are warranted at any time to rise up and strike an inoffensive stranger in the

Modern happy ending-"And so they were married and lived ever after in Florida."

A Nebraska man is walking to Florida on a \$5,000 bet. This is scarcely enough

Paris costumers are reported to have declared war on the straight-line silhouette. As a slogan for the impending struggle, we suggest: Don't give up

The cost of a doughboy's ration in the regular army is estimated at thirty and ninety-four hundredths cents, and a doughboy of our acquaintance wants to know what the thirty cents is for.

JL All Italy has lately been rejoicing over the opening of the first Italian subway, proving again that some people never know their luck.

Discussing the American girl, ALBERT E. WIGGAM, biologist, says beauty and intelligence go together. Say it ain't so, Mr. ZIEGFELD.

Our Board of Optimism reports that, thanks to the coal strike, fewer people are likely to go crazy with the heat this winter.

President Coolinge's message to Congress was broadcast over the radio and heard, it is said, by some ten million people-some of whom, no doubt, were actually members of Congress.

After the speech, Senator BORAH is understood to have remarked, "Oh, it's all right as those bed-time stories go."

Young Bob LA FOLLETTE is proving that he is a chip of the old block.

Recipe for Middle Western Novel

TAKE one farm boy who is meant for better things; mix with fertilizer, one "back forty" and a heaping spoonful of "black loam"; flavor with dumb country moll named 'Tina; add a dash of flip town gal; sprinkle liberally with hayracks, blizzards and "achs"; bottle, and label it "relentless realism."

"PLAY bridge?" "You bet. Learned last night."



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS ABOUT DECIDED NOT TO WEAR HIS FUR COAT AGAIN UNTIL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.



"OH, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO PICK ANOTHER FIGHT WITH GUSSIE THIS YEAR."

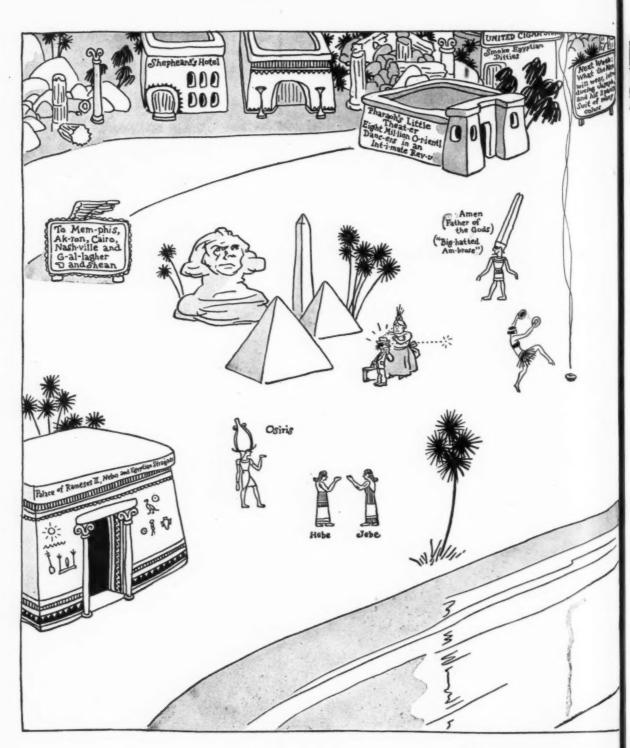


THE VOICE IN THE DARK.

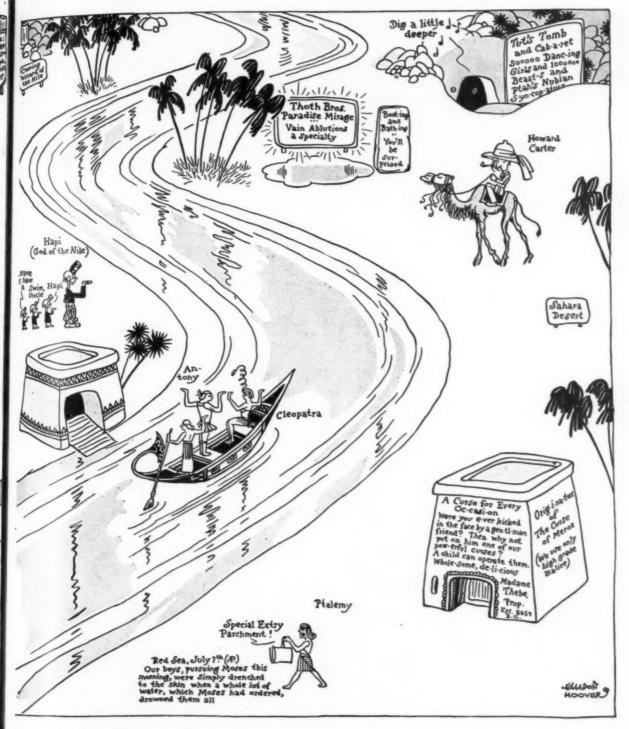


"NEVER MIND BRINGIN' THE AIR RIFLE, SANTA CLAUS. I'M TAKIN' ONE WID ME."

· LIFE ·



An Impression of Egypt



By One Who Has Never Been There

ypt



SANTA IS TAKING NO CHANCES WHEN HE VISITS CHICAGO THIS YEAR.

Mrs. Pepis Diary

The visiting firemen, as Sam calls his college November friends who come on annually for the football 23rd games, have at last departed, albeit not exactly in peace, so that now we shall not be required at three or four cocktayle parties an afternoon, and can dine more frequently at our own table, where I can eat as many radishes as I like. The morning spent over my accounts, which are in such a sorry state that I am distraught over my solvency, and inclined to replenish my income in secret by some of the methods which I do see so frequently set forward in the publick prints, but Lord! when I fell upon the Help Wanted columns,

the first announcement I saw did read: AS DEMON-STRATOR; attractive young woman who is not afraid to face bullets. Whereupon I became too discouraged to proceed, albeit my curiosity urges me to call at the Thirtyfifth Street address which was given, to find out what duties such a notice might have demanded of a successful applicant. Then, too, I gravely doubt if I could profit sufficiently from auto knitting or making artificial flowers at home to make any great impression on my indebtedness, so, forasmuch as I shrink from dealings with pawnbrokers, methinks my husband must once more be summoned to my

rescue, and I must divine some ruse whereby he will give the minimum of thought to my financial defections. Marge Boothby in at luncheon time, and I did order for her the milk and vichy upon which she has been subsisting for six days now, losing eleven pounds thereby, but the poor wretch had beheld during her shopping excursion three billboards illustrating various food products, and their alluring lusciousness had so undermined her morale that she clamored loudly to partake of the creamed mushrooms and peas which were set before me, nor did I have the heart to deny her, my own dieting experiences having brought home to me the full force of Burns's

What's done we partly can compute, But know not what's resisted.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

This morning come a book November entitled "The Man Mencken," which I did find so fascinating that I fairly barked at all who interrupted me over the telephone, in especial at William Hurlbut, who wanted nought but my settlement of a point of grammar for him and then seemed inclined to disagree with my decision. But it was somewhat different

(Continued on page 32)



"SURE, CAROLINE! That's TH' SENSIBLE GURL! You WON'T BE CRYIN' YER EYES OUT OVER A LOT O' BROKEN TOYS TH' MORNIN' AFTER CHRISTMAS. Will YER?"

Pour Madame

ROM our own Salon de Beauté in Newark, chère madame, our staff of artiste-compounders have evolved the dernier cri in a préparation de toilette -a miracle veritable. Sparvarnish Finish it is called, madame, a liquid cheek and lip rouge which imparts a hoyden, wanton touch of heathery health to the most jaded pan. All the glow of roguish winds and sunlit moors has been captured in Sparvarnish Finish. The art of this addition to the toilet table, madame, lies in its ability to conform to the different expressions of milady's face. You may smile, or even laugh heartily, without that fear which every woman knows, the fear of cracking. Rain cannot affect it, nor will it run under the soleil of Palm Beach or the Riviera. Hit it with a hammer or allow your charming bébé to pour scalding water on it. Put hot dishes on it if you like-there will be no white ring afterward. Like the finish on your Hispano-Suiza town car, madame, it only needs, after a hard night, the application of a soft cloth to restore its éblouissance. In quart cans at paint shops of the better sort, \$50.00 the can. Rollin Kirby.

Gentlemen Friends

"WHO'S that waiting for you, Myrtle? Your Candy-and-Flowers or your Dinner?"

"Naw, that's just my Transportation. He's taking me downtown to meet my Theatre Seats."

MAN supposes he proposes.



FATHER GOT JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Extravagance

I love to do mad, extravagant things.

I LOVE to loaf in a perfumed bath, when I am already half an hour late for the office.

I love to take a taxi for a distance that any person in his right senses would walk.

I love to lunch at Pierre's when Childs' would do me as much good.

I love to wear handmade French underwear, although no one knows the difference.

I love to wear all-silk hose when lisle tops would do as well.

I love to buy Tabac Blond when I should be paying my rent.

I love to do mad, extravagant things, But I never get the chance!

Martha L. Wilchinski.

In Florida-Now

MOTHER: Willie, you ought to be ashamed for not sharing your new water-front lot with your little sister. If you don't act better Santa won't bring you that acreage in Vista Hermosa for Christmas.



IN DAYES OF OLDE

Rascally Varlet: NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOUR HELMETS ALL LOCKED ON, BOYS, I'LL ATTEND TO YE JOB OF KISSING YON FAIR MAID BENEATH YE MISTLETOE.

The First Hour

"NO, Edgar, you cannot have that trumpet—it belongs there right on the tree where Santa Claus put it. Santa Claus wanted you to see the trumpetpretty trumpet-but not to have the trumpet-no, no. Edgar couldn't have trumpet, Edgar see trumpet-pretty trumpet. Blow it? Oh, no, Edgar mustn't blow trumpet, just look at trumpet-and all the pretty things. See, there's a fairy, and a violin, and a birdie in a nest, and a candy caneoh, what a pretty candy cane!-no, Edgar couldn't have the candy cane, just look at it-and an owl, and a star -oh, see the bright pretty star-and a cornucopia, and a bell-no, NO, mustn't ring bell, bell might break-and a-yes, that's a trumpet, the same trumpet-no, I do declare, it's another trumpet! Two trumpets-one trumpet here and one trumpet there. No, Edgar couldn't have the trumpets, mustn't touch, no, no, just look at the trumpets. Blow them? Well, Mother'll blow the



CHRISTMAS LOVE

A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURE COMBINING SANTA CLAUS AND CUPID WHILE RETAINING THE BEST FEATURES OF BOTH.

trumpet for Edgar. See—bph, bph, bph-ph-ph. Well, well, too bad, trumpet wouldn't blow, would it? What, the other trumpet? Blow the other one? Bph, bph, bwph-ph! Well, well, the other trumpet didn't blow either, did it? They weren't real trumpets at all, were they? Just make-believe trumpets. To look at, not to touch—no, NO. Some day Edgar can have a real trumpet to blow. A real trumpet all his own. But these, these are just make-believe trumpets to look at, not to.... EDGAR!" F. W.

Not an Amateur Job

FIRST VILLAGER: They say most of these millionaires got rich by slippin' it over on us common fellers.

SECOND VILLAGER: Waal, Jim, ye got to give 'em credit fer bein' so goldurned smart.

Post-Bellum Note

THREE men watched the sun set on Flanders fields.

I "It was here," said the youngest, the slightest tremble in his voice, "I think it was here that—that they got my brother. You know—we were in the same squad. A fragment of a shell...But we went on," he added proudly; "we found what was left of their first line. We went on..."

"Glorious deeds," murmured the oldest of the three, a heavy-set, iron-jawed man.

"Til never forget," said the third, "the time I neglected to hate Germans. An officer—one of theirs—and two men, all that were left of an advancing line—coming at us through the smoke, alone. They knew they were alone, but on they came. They were going to take our trench single-handed! Of course—they didn't. But they were heroes."

"Brave men," sighed the older man; "there were heroes on both sides—naturally. You boys," he continued, placing a heavy arm around the shoulders of each, "you boys belong to that immortal band of noble warriors. You have fought gloriously."

He removed his arm from the shoulders of the youngest and touched his eye with a handkerchief.

"But," he added modestly, "you mustn't forget that had it not been for us poor devils who stayed home and manufactured munitions you mightn't have had any war at all!" Gerald Cosgrove.

Prehistoric

SHE belongs to the League of Women Voters. Her hair is bobbed and she wears her skirts shorter than the flappers. She swims in a one-piece bathing suit and knows all the new Charleston steps. She loves her golf and cigarette. And yet she is hopelessly old-fashioned. She has never had her wedding ring made over. D. H. B.

1926 Model

"I WANT to marry your daughter."

1 "But can you divorce her in the manner to which she has been accustomed?"



"SURE, I KNOW SANTA CLAUS! HE BOARDS AT OUR HOUSE."

From a Club Chair

So many of us are thrilled by what we read between the lines I am greatly disappointed because no astute publisher has as yet issued a book of blank pages.

It is always a fair assumption that a man who has seen better days also has enjoyed lovelier evenings.

Youth vanishes in the hour you approach a rendezvous half-hoping that it will not be kept.

The final achievement of efficiency will come when our morning newspapers are printed on breakfast food.

There is this much to be said for caution: one is more ready to forgive the poor bridge player who underbids.

James K. McGuinness.

Rarest of the Rare

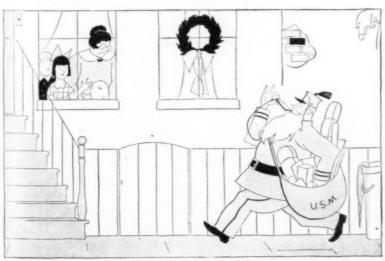
GUIDE (in Paris): There goes one of the most distinguished politicians in all France.

Tourist: What's he done?

GUIDE: In all his career he has never been asked to form a new Cabinet.

A NEIGHBOR'S house burned down the other night and the only thing not destroyed by the flames was the stuff he had in his coal bin, for which he had paid \$25 a ton.

THE greatest tobacco evil is the man who habitually quits smoking.



ONE POSTMAN WHO DID MORE THAN HIS BIT



DECEMBER 17, 1925

VOL. 86. 2250

"While there is Life there's Hope'

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY 598 Madison Avenue, New York CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor F. D. CASEY, Art Editor CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer



THERE is no excitement about the coal strike, but there is a steady interest in it. The weather does curious things. In Miami last month there was a 14-inch

rainfall swamping the town while it lasted. New Hampshire reported three feet of snow. In various parts of Europe there were terrific storms in the last week of November and a touch of blizzard even in Italy. The Abbé Gabriel, of Caen, France, a professor in the university of that place and the most noted meteorologist in France, predicts a bitterly cold winter all around the 41st parallel of latitude, which takes in New York, Chicago, all of Canada and the northern part of the United States. He looks for the coldest winter since 1740, when the Thames froze over. "I may be wrong, of course," says Dr. Gabriel, "but that is my prediction based on my system of weather forecast." England, he says, will have a big share of cold

So much for that. The earthquake prophets also are active. One of them, reputed to know as much about earthquakes as there is to know from scientific sources, is reported as confiding to a fellow passenger on the train from Boston to New York that there are nineteen points to be considered in expecting earthquakes and that seventeen of them were now favorable to quakes. New York is not in an earthquake district but is not regarded necessarily immune from shivers. So much for that and, as Abbé Gabriel says, it may all be mistaken. But it is all related more or less to the coal strike. Earth-

quakes if we are to have them are enough of an affliction without soft coal, but an extra-cold winter will make for a high appreciation of fuel, and if it is cold enough we will not be fussy about what we shall burn if only we get heat out of it.

TILL over the current coal strike Still over the current excitement. There is a great deal of coal in cellars. The pinch for fuel is not yet very general. The trouble up to this writing has not been serious, but the desire is very earnest that out of it shall come a real and just reorganization of the coal industry and particularly of anthracite. We have had an oversupply of coal scares. The conditions that produce them ought to be cured. As to the means of cure and the conditions of a settlement which shall be just and reasonably permanent, we have to go by the opinions of experts. There is no general desire that either the operators or the miners shall win the strike. The great heart of the people beats this time preponderantly for the consumer. We want somebody to fix up a deal that will be fair not only to the miners and the operators but also to us.



AN old newspaper-man, being asked about the state of the times, observed that if they did not stop putting handcuffs on so many people there would be a civil war. Bruce Bliven travelling to and fro in the West and South reports that the two concerns in politics about which voters are really

interested are Prohibition and Fundamentalism. He intimates that the fight against Prohibition is on and that on Fundamentalism is in the making.

Both are concerned with the question of handcuffs, how many and whom on, and tend to temper indignation over the remarkable behaviors of the governors of Texas, and their experiments in promoting public order by pardoning convicts out of jail. It is, of course, a novel expedient for the purpose mentioned, but nowadays there are a great many people in jail who ought not to be, especially from states in which the enthusiasm for Prohibition has led to drastic local laws in support of it.

There is a kind of civil war in Texas, but it has not come to killing yet and does not look likely to. In old times in England when the Cavaliers won there was jail delivery for Cavaliers, and when the Round Heads won all the Round Heads were let out of the Tower. Maybe what is going on in Texas is something like that. Life down there must abound just now in





THE crimes of young people nowadays are surprising. That boy Noel who murdered a little girl seemed to be crazy. But here is another boy, Pirie, 19 years old, who apparently murdered his chum, robbed his body of \$6.50 and poked it under the bed. Cases like that intimate a lack of something in contemporary child training. It may even be permissible to suggest that the influence of the public prints does not just now make for a good steer for young readers. The headlines run inevitably to crime as long as there is so much crime for them to run to, and if a certain proportion of the current adolescents imbibe the idea that man-killing is a human habit that any one is liable to fall into, and not much to blame if he does, what is there about that that is surprising!

Meanwhile the police are busy with bootleggers and motor cars, and the courts are a joke among lawyers and there is evidently on the way to us a drastic overhauling of the machinery of public safety and public order.

E. S. Martin.



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER



a Colon

Equal Rights for The unsung hero who pushed his w

LIFE .



Rights for Men shed his way to the head of the line.



Next Week-Goody, Goody!

A SEARCH through the files of registered oaths in the county courthouse would disclose the fact that last year we swore that if ever again we were confronted by a play about the Younger Generation and its parents we would utter a piercing shriek and tear up grass. That we did neither of these things at "Young Blood" is due to the fact that it is pretty fairly interesting and very well done.

The entire play (with the exceptions of the part of the father, played by Norman Trevor, and that of the practical-minded maid, played by Florence Eldridge) is written in that most dangerous of mediums, slang. Youthful slang is dangerous because, by the time a grown-up like Mr. James Forbes has been sufficiently impressed to put it into his play, it isn't youthful slang any more. Mr. Forbes does better than most grown-ups with his juvenile jargon, but it still has that painty smell of something out of a box labeled: "This is the crazy way boys and girls talk to-day!"



WITH no more than ten lines apiece in straight English to work with, Helen Hayes and Eric Dressler accomplish the feat of sounding as if they really might talk that way. Miss Hayes, because of her charming and alert youth, has been given some of the most trying rôles that ever a young lady had to contend with, and the manner in which she has come through them with high credit is nothing short of miraculous. Some scenes in "Young Blood" are the best she has ever done, and young Mr. Dressler, too, fulfills the promise made last year in "Out of Step." (And incidentally, what an excellent play that was! It should be running yet.)

There is one question about "Young Blood." Why was Miss Eldridge so anxious to piece together the check which she had torn up? If there is a bank where they will cash torn checks we must be more careful.



THERE is one thing that you can count on in any of Mr. Sam Forrest's plays, and that is plenty of scenes. He gets as much work out of his stage-crews as the producer of a big revue. And we must admit that a frequent change of scene helps keep us awake and puts us in good humor.

In "Paid," Mr. Forrest's latest opus, a small chart is necessary on the program to show just what relation each scene has to the others. The first two scenes of Act 1 "are supposed to occur simultaneously." Not to be outdone, the third and fourth scenes also occur, according to the program, "simultaneous." Scene 5 (still Act 1) just gives up trying to be either simultaneously or simultaneous, and jumps ahead two years into the corner of a restaurant. Act 2 is thirteen years later.

As soon as you get your breath you find that you are confronted by a nice problem of ethics. Should a man who finds five thousand dollars, and knows who lost it, return it to the owner or keep it to benefit humanity with? Especially if he is sure that eventually he can make the original owner much richer than he would ever have been otherwise? The question is purely an academic one for us, as we never find five thousand dollars and, if we did, would have no humanitarian alibi for keeping it, unless perhaps we could figure it out that it would be a good thing for humanity for us to be happy and well fed and stylishly dressed. For we grow ugly and might cause a lot of trouble when we are hungry.



THERE is an old-fashioned theory, held now only by the Freudians, that all reformers are hypocrites and that they attack vice because at heart they love it and fear it. Whether or not the Freudians hate reformers because at heart they themselves are reformers has nothing to do with this paragraph. The point is that never before has the date 1900 been so clearly set on the hypocrite-reformer theory as in "Morals," the second offering of the Actors' Theatre.

"Morals" is an old piece by Ludwig Thoma in which the entire board of the Society for the Suppression of Vice is involved in a raid which threatens to destroy the social fabric of Emilsburg. It contains a great deal of wisdom which everybody has recognized as wisdom for a long time, quite a bit of satiric comedy, and tons and tons of extra talk.

The acting ranges all the way from the quiet work of Alice John, through the farce technique of Edwin Nicander, to the burlesque trick steps of Thomas Chalmers, with Marian Warring-Manley contributing something of her own, looking like an old picture of Ethel Barrymore in Munsey's Magazine.

And, in spite of the admonition on the program to save applause until the end of the performance, the audience this time would just not be held in check. What a dear, impulsive people we are!

Robert Benchley.

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. Morosco—A study of a oman who took no chances but lost never-leless. Chrystal Herne in a fine play. theless

The Deacon. Sam H. Harris-To be re-

The Devil to Pay. Fifty-Second St.—To e reviewed next week.

Easy Virtue. Empire—To be reviewed

week. The Enemy. Times Square-Fay Bainter in a frontal attack on War.

The Green Hat. Broadhurst-Major Gray's

In a Garden. Plymouth—Laurette Taylor in a play which calls for a certain amount of cerebration but which is worth it.

The Jazz Singer. Cort—The Jewish heart laid hare by George Jessel.

Just Beyond. National-To be reviewed

A Lady's Virtue. Bijou-To be reviewed Made in America. Frolic-Kept alive by

A Man's Man. Forty-Ninth St.—A tragic little story of frustration, well written and well done.

The Master Builder. Maxine Elliott's— lbsen for Tuesday and Thursday matinees, with Eva Le Gallienne.

Me. Princess-To be reviewed next week. Booth-Reviewed in this issue.

Stolen Fruit. Eltinge—A great deal of mental agony over a child, with Ann Harding as the suffering mother.

The Vortex. Henry Miller's-Unpleasant cople in extremely interesting combinations. Young Woodley. Belmont—Glenn Hunter in just about as perfect a delineation of ado-lescent heart-trouble as you will find. If you laugh at it, you are just a poor sap.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic—We might as well say it now as later: We don't like this

American Born, Hudson—George Cohan making something out of nothing.

Androcles and the Lion. Klaw—A delightful revival, with Henry Travers as the trust-

ing tailor.

Arms and the Man. Garrick-Lynn Fon-tanne and Alfred Lunt keeping Shaw's satire moving about town.

Beware of Widows. Maxine Elliott's—To be reviewed next week.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. Longacre—Gregory Kelly as the young man with Broadway money. Good for an evening's laughs.

Cousin Sonia. Central Park—To be reviewed later.

Cradle Snatchers. Music Box—Rough stuff.

Easy. Come Fasy. Go. Biltmare—Buckets.

Easy Come, Easy Go. Biltmore—Buckety-ickety farce, with Otto Kruger and Victor

Moore.
Is Zat So? Chanin's—Highly entertaining

prizefight talk.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. Fulton—Ina Claire, ably assisted by Roland Young and A. E. Matthews, in something very pleasant.

Morals. Comedy—Reviewed in this issue. Naughty Cinderella. Lyceum—Irene Bordoni. C'est assez (fr.).

Outside Looking In. Thirty-Ninth St.—A vivid picture of hob box-car life
The Poor Nut. Forty-Eighth St.—Collegiate and funny.

Solid Ivory. Central—Boschell

ate and funny.

Solid Ivory. Central—Baseball.

These Charming People. Gaiety—Cyril Maude and Edna Best working well with nothing much.

Twelve Miles Out. Playhouse-A melodrama of love and rum-runners. Young Blood. Ritz-Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. Winter Garden—'Way ahead of its predecessors, thanks to Phil Baker and the Hoffmann Girls.

Captain Jinks. Martin Beck—Ada May and oe Brown in a tuneful evening.

Charlot's Revue. Selwyn-The incomparable Lillie-Lawrence-Buchanan combination in a new show with one or two old favorites. The Cocoanuts. Lyric-To be reviewed

Dearest Enemy. Knickerbocker — Good music and exquisite costumes, with Helen Ford and Charles Purcell.

Plorida Girl. Forty-Fourth St.—Lester Allen in an otherwise poor show.

Gay Paree. Shubert-Chic Sale with not enough to do. Kosher Kitty Kelly. Daly's-Don't say we

sent you. Mayflowers. Forrest-To be reviewed later. Merry, Merry. Vanderbilt-Cute.

No, Nanette. Globe-Still the old No. favorite

Oh, Oh, Nurse. Cosmopolitan-To be re-

Princess Flavia, Contury-Big and musical. Rose-Marie. Imperial-The dean.

The Student Prince. Jolson's—Male singing that is male singing.

Sunny. New Amsterdam—Marilyn Miller and a stageful of stars.

The Vagabond King. Casino-Real ope-

Vanities of 1925. Earl Carroll-Plenty of girls, chaperoned by Julius Tannen.



THE MAGAZINE ARTIST SUBMITS A BRAND-NEW CHRISTMAS IDEA

This Gay Night Life

WELL, it seems that once upon a time—right about now it was, come to think of it—a Young Fellow from the West came to New York to witness the Gay Night Life.

For he had been looking at the pictures in the *New Yorker*, drawn by artists who live in Vienna, and thought there was such a Thing.

By applying to Secretary Kellogg, he was permitted to enter the nationally famous Del Rio Club, and was assigned to a Table. A Waiter arrived early in February.

"A bottle of Ginger Ale, please," ordered the Young Man, who was nothing if not Hep to what is Going On These Days.

"I am sorry, sir," said the Waiter, bursting into Tears to show that he Meant it; "Mr. Buckner has withdrawn our Ginger Ale License. You see, if a Customer orders Ginger Ale it gives others the idea he has Something on the Hip, and that Looks Bad."

"Well, then," said the Fellow, whose name was John P. Forbes, "how about a little Sustenance?"

· LIFE ·



NUBBVILLE SPARK

MISS BEULY BEEMAN WAS OUT OF OUR BARBER'S CHAIR SATURDAY LONG ENOUGH TO WATCH A LATE MODEL HAT CROSSIN'
THE STREET.

"The Federal Pure Food Laws prevent it, sir," the Waiter reminded him gently.

"Ah, yes," murmured the Young Man. "Then bring me a Cigar."

"The Purity League, sir," hinted the Garçon (Fr.) reproachfully.

"Hm," said Mr. Forbes. "Do you think I could dance with some young lady if I phoned to my Grandmother to join me here as a Chaperon?" "Oh, sir," said the Waiter in horror.
"That Gentleman sitting yonder is an agent for John S. Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. And besides, sir," added the Waiter, laying his Finger against his Nose, "you know what grandmothers are nowadays. Here is your Check, sir."

When Mr. Forbes had recovered from a brief but painful Fainting Spell, he summoned the Maitre d'Hôtel, or Head Waiter, as he is still known in Iowa and the Dakotas.

"Look here!" exclaimed Mr. Forbes.
"I have not been permitted to Drink
or Eat or Smoke or Dance and
here I get a Bill for Thirty-Two Dollars and Eighty Cents. Why, that's
Highway Robbery!"

"Highway Robbery, huh?" retorted the Maitre. "Well, what of it? They ain't no Law against that, is they?"

Tip Bliss.

Out of Luck

"DON'T you think that a man who'd hide behind a woman's petticoats is a contemptible coward?"

"Coward? He's an anachronism."



English Mother (to son about to leave on the Grand Tour): AND WHILE YOU'RE ABROAD, TRY TO GET A GLIMPSE OF THE PRINCE.



THE GAY NINETIES

"'Twas down by the Hackensack River, We'll dig for sweet potatoes
Where the hackman drives his hack; And shoot the Scalskin Sacque."

AND WHEN THEY SAID "SEALSKIN" IN THOSE DAYS THEY DIDN'T MEAN MAYBE, FOR THAT WAS BEFORE THE TIME WHEN MUSKRATS LIVED AS MUSKRATS AND DYED AS SEALS.

The Perfect Guest

SHE does not call Omaha or Seattle on long distance the minute she hits the house.

She looks at and speaks to the servants as if she saw them.

She has no strong religious prejudices. She can drink a cocktail without bursting into either tears or laughter.

She doesn't need any checks cashed. She is not an amateur, if anything, at the piano,

She does not deprive you entirely of your maid at dressing hours.

She does not fly to her room when a bore is sighted coming up the drive.

She doesn't try to force new bridge rules on the community.

She does not flirt with your husband. She calls no celebrities by their first

She doesn't want to be taken to call upon somebody you don't know.

She doesn't leave cigarette stubs where they will burn into the marquetry.

Her wardrobe is so stocked that she doesn't need to set forth across country in high-heeled satin slippers.

She eats calves' liver, should you be so careless as to serve it. She can tell your other guests a few good stories which they haven't heard.

She doesn't put down glasses on magazines and new novels under the delusion that she is doing you a kindness.

She does not talk about her trip to Spain,

She has the low-down on every bit of scandal about which you have been wondering.

She takes all her belongings with her when she departs.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned"
To get from hostesses a hand.
Baird Leonard.



Joan: YOUR MOTHER SMOKES! MY MOTHER SAYS ladies DON'T SMOKE. Peter: I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT LADIES. I ONLY KNOW WHAT mothers DO.

Conversation at Dinner Between a Movie Title Writer and His Wife

SHE: How is the steak, Harold? Is it tough?

HE: This steak is as tender as a woman's heart, as tender as the smile of a mother upon her new-born babe.

SHE: Harold, that big blonde upstairs moved out to-day. I'm glad I've seen the last of her peroxide mop.

HE: She had hair like sun-kissed gold. Hair that floated past man's delighted vision like an ocular benediction from the gods. Hair like shredded heaven.

SHE: What does the boss say about raising your salary?

HE: On that subject he is as quiet as a dead desert wrapped in the mantle of midnight, as quiet as the rosy-tinted dawn.

SHE: Then that means I don't get my new hat.

HE: I am indeed sorry, for a woman without a hat is like moonlight without lovers, like a rainbow without a dreamer, like a flower without the sun.

SHE: Harold, you don't pay a bit of attention to what I tell you. You forgot to bring home the cut flowers I wanted for the dinner table.

HE: Flowers are but living speech bursting up through the ground from the lips of dear, dead women.

SHE: Oh, say, our minister was here to-day collecting for the South Sea Island missionary fund.

HE: Ah, yes. Out where the coralatolled, palm-leafed, cocoanut-ballasted islands lie in the arms of their loverthe sun. Out where the festive "Uke" pours its strumming soul into the flower-drunken breezes. Out-

SHE: Oh, Harold, here comes Mother and the family. They will expect their dinner. What shall we do?

HE: Down where the eternal fires roar out a never-ending symphony of hate. Down where the sulphurous blasts-

SHE: Harold!

Edward McNamee.

Three's a Crowd

WHO were those men that had the wreck down the street this afternoon?"

"A collector from the radio store ran into the installment collector from the furniture store, while dodging the man from the vacuum cleaner office."

Choice Cut

BRIDE (at butcher shop): I want half a pound of mincemeat, and cut it from a nice, tender young mince, please.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

WE are happy to present the following financial statement of our summer Camps at Branchville, Conn., and at Pottersville, N. J. Through your generous aid we were able to put into practice a new and progressive program, which, testified to by the improved health and happiness of our numerous small guests, we hope to continue, and augment, in 1926.

Receipts and Disbursements Season 1925

RECEIPTS

\$30,348.25	Contributions Income from Endowments, from Marion Storey, James Buchanan Brady
5,876.78	and Reserve Funds, and from Bank Deposits Anonymous contribution for improvements and
1,969.00 38.32	equipment
38,232.35	Balance on hand at close
608.23	of season, 1924
\$38,840.58	

DISBURSEMENTS	
Help	\$ 8,506.07
Transportation	2,023.99
Food	6,299.52
Supplies	3,078.51
Laundry	923,90
Insurance	757.90
Power	692.88
Repairs	363.03
Improvements and Equip-	
ment	3,491.34
Postage and Printing	1,982.08
Miscellaneous Transferred to Reserve	235.36
Fund	9,242.27
	\$37,596.85
Balance for Season 1926	1,243.73
	\$38,840.58



COMMUNITY SPIRIT



The best surprise of all—a KODAK

Autographic Kodaks, \$5 up, at your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., The Kodak City



Again, "The Big Parade"

T is rumored that the Fox Film Corporation, which acquired the movie rights to "What Price Glory?" either contemplates or has brought a suit for infringement against the producer of "The Big Parade"-it being complained that the latter uses up much of the material that made the former a tri-

umphant stage success.

Without wishing to offer gratuitous evidence, I may express the lone opinion that "The Big Parade" is not a repetition of "What Price Glory?" It deals with the late war (not the Greco-Bulgarian affair, but that other one), and it intimates that certain soldiers of the A. E. F. were not apathetic to the charms of those French girls that happened to cross their path.

This idea, however, did not originate with "What Price Glory?" It appeared in a stirring old British folk song which told, in epic fashion, of the misadventures of a mademoiselle from Armentières who so and so. This rousing ballad was adopted by the Yank invaders, and remains to this day the pièce de résistance at all American Legion reunions and bachelor dinners.

"The Big Parade" is, in effect, a dramatization of that memorable song.

There is another source for the story: if you compare "The Big Parade" with "Shoulder Arms" you will find that Stallings borrowed his plot directly from Charlie Chaplin. In both pictures an American rookie goes to France, meets and loves a French girl and crawls out into No Man's Land to retrieve his missing buddy.

This Chaplinesque simplicity, unquestionably, accounts for much of the genuine worth of "The Big Parade." Realizing that he was working in a pictorial medium, Stallings avoided any complications of plot; he never strove for artificial, trumped-up "situations" (the curse of the movies). He created

four real, recognizable characters and moved them through a series of credible episodes; he employed no villains or heavies or other stock types. He wrote an honest story of the war as he had seen it, and because his story fell into the hands of an intelligent and appreciative director, King Vidor, it has resulted in a fine picture.

There is plenty of room for another great war picture, and "What Price Glory?" may well be that. But its producers should look to "The Big Parade," and to its distant parent, "Shoulder Arms," for guidance. They will learn from both of these models that there is no place for heroic hokum in pictures of a conflict that was, above all things, depressingly real.

"The New Commandment"

IF I were to search through the files of past productions I could not find a more perfect contrast to "The Big Parade" than that which is provided in "The New Commandment." For here is another romance of an American boy and a French girl, here are more battle scenes, and here, pervading every scene and every character, is the pungent and mildly offensive odor of ham

In "The New Commandment" a set of untrue people run the gamut of movie emotions; they are lay figures who speak the mechanical language of the box-office and are animated solely by the principles of sure-fire stuff.

The stars of this 100 per cent movie are Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon, but the only flashes of merit emanate from such obscure supporting players as Holbrook Blinn, Clare Eames and George Cooper.

Yes, compare "The Big Parade" with "The New Commandment," and then compare the gross receipts of these opposite productions. In a year's time "The Big Parade" will still be packing them in; "The New Commandment" will be decaying in the tin containers from which it came.

The public may be dumb, but it is still several intellectual notches above the movie magnates who exploit it.

"The Beautiful City"

THE new Richard Barthelmess picture, "The Beautiful City," manages to maintain a considerable degree of melodramatic tension for a while, but then it collapses and totters to a conclusion. The plot grows old before its time, and its ultimate demise is in the nature of an anti-climax.

There is good work by Mr. Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, William H. Powell and Frank Puglia, but their efforts are wasted. "The Beautiful City" will not exert a very profound influence on contemporary thought.

"The Eagle"

AS one who predicted a great future for Rudolph Valentino on the day when "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was released, and who has watched with mixed emotions his subsequent career, I may say that it is pleasant to record his return to his early season form.

In "The Eagle" he regains the qualities of verve and gaiety which were last evident in "Blood and Sand"which have been utterly lacking in his later and stuffier characterizations. Under the able direction of Clarence Brown (who, by the way, is a person of increasing importance), Valentino steps out and forgets that he is a pompous, self-conscious star.

"The Eagle," which is a rather complicated story of old Russia, is strengthened materially by the presence of Vilma Banky and by the fact that it never attempts to take itself R. E. Sherwood. seriously.



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A car that many will consider an ideal Christmas gift for the family.

To lounge restfully in the ample rear seat is an experience in motoring luxury.

Its desirability is further heightened by the smartness and good taste of the special equipment.

You are pleasantly aware, too, that the car is everywhere admired, not alone for its beauty but for the genuine goodness and dependability which Dodge Brothers have built into it.

It is this knowledge—that you are not enjoying luxury at the sacrifice of economy—which, in the final analysis, is the solid foundation on which rests your pleasure in giving or in owning the Special Type-B Sedan.





Good Old Dad

Young Snipper was off to college.

"Good-by, my boy," said his father. "Write to me often."

"That's generous of you, dad," responded Snipper gratefully. "So long!" -American Legion Weekly.

Ho, Hum!

A radio fan recently sent the following to WEAF: "Dear Sirs: As I have nothing to do I am writing to you, and as I have nothing to say I will close. Yours, etc."-Collier's.

In the Dressing Room

FIRST ACTOR: Oh, damn! I can't get into my shoes.

SECOND ACTOR: What! Feet swelled too?-Humorist (London).

FROM a school examination paper: "Chivalry is a fight on horseback between two horsemen before a lady." -Town Life (Columbus, O.).



GEE, HE MUST HAVE GOT A TER-RIBLE BEATING TO BE GOING AT THAT RATE!" -Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)

"HIM? Naw, he don't amount to nothing in the Navy. He ain't ever been on the witness stand."-Columbia State.

Genius

The chef to M. Ignace Paderewski receives almost as much publicity en tour as does the pianist; partly because he is a good chef, and partly because he insists that the world be made aware of his genius. To this his master assents. Anything for peace and shelter from the run of table food of the railroad diner.

More, M. Paderewski makes a point of complimenting his chef frequently.

"Tell the chef," he said, lately, upon conclusion of a meal, "that the fish was marvelous, the roast superb, and the ice cream unsurpassable."

The waiter relayed the message and

returned, duly, with the answer.
"The chef says," he told M. Paderewski, "that the soup was excellent, teo."-New Yorker.

The Complete Agnostic

"Is there anything at all you're sure of?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

--Notre Dame Juggler.

A SLOGAN you will never hear: "Florida for Floridians."-Milwaukee Journal.

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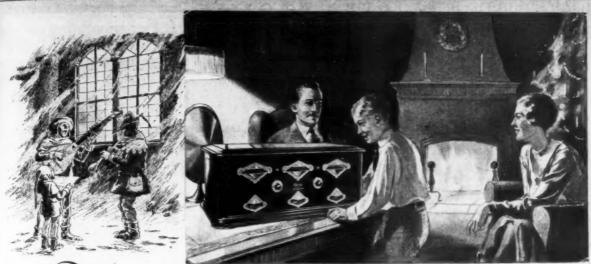


CANDIES for the HOLIDAYS

THERE are gifts which are ornamental—gifts which are useful—and some which are both, but a box of Dean's famous sweets expresses personal thought in a most charming and direct fashion. There are Chocolates and Bon Bons, Caramels and Fudges, and a variety of old fashioned, Christmasy kinds—all of the subtle, deliciousness of flavour which appeals to the fastidious

Postage prepaid east of the Mississippi on all orders of \$3.00 or more.

628 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK ESTABLISHED BE YEARS



he Perfect Expression of the Christmas Spirit



HERE are two things without which Christmas is not Christmas to those of us who have never really ceased believing in Santa Claus. One is re-reading A Christmas Carol—the sure antidote to any Scrooge-like remnants that a twelve-months' practical life may have left us.

And the other is Christmas music—those joyous hymns and carols that minstrels have sung in every clime where His Light has shone. What greater gift could you give those you love than the joy of wakening on Christmas morning to the strains of God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen, or Heilige Nacht? A moment's sentiment, yet beyond price.

The Synchrophase is the perfect expression of this spirit and will keep it alive for many Christmases to come, because of unusual features which place the Synchrophase far in advance of its time:

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Watch Out for Film

That's where pyorrhea and tooth troubles frequently start, now say authorities

Run your tongue across your teeth; you can feel film if you have it. Now combat it without harsh grit—the new way.

Do you want whiter teeth? Do you want healthier teeth, teeth that are better protected from film-caused troubles? There is a new way—a way urged by leading dentists throughout the world.

Now, as a world-wide hygienic movement, a 10-day test is offered free. Send the coupon. See for yourself the amazing benefits it offers.

That dangerous film—how it fosters most tooth troubles—what to do to make dull and dingy teeth prettier, whiter

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film.

That's a potential danger sign. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and holds food substance which ferments and causes acid.

Many tooth pastes do not cope with it adequately. Now modern dental science has found two new combatants and embodied them in the modern tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Throughout the civilized world leading dentists urge this new method.

You are urged to make the test. It will cost you nothing. What you find will amaze you.

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Only one tube to a family

1944



Good for the Soul

She let him in, and he lounged with easy grace into the first chair that went past.

"Moggareck," he said, thickly, but with great earnestness, "Moggareck"—his wife's name was Margaret—"I've—I've gotta quickened coshielse."

"A what?" she asked.

"A quickened coshience—I've gotta coffession t' make."

"You can make it in the morning," she said imperiously. "I'm going to bed."

"Naw," he protested, with much vehemence, "Can't—can't—wait—can't go t' sleep 'ith th'sload ommy mind. Been —carrying guilty secret too long."

"What have you been doing?" she barked. "Tell me quick, for heaven's sake!"

"Sawful t' think 'bout it. Y'-y' wouldn't b'lieve it of me, Moggart; I've been-"

"Speak!" shrieked the almost frantic woman. "Speak! Tell me all, quick!" "Moggart," he said, solemnly, "Margort, I've—I've been drinking!" —Smith's Weckly (Sydney).

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Triumph of Thrift

Horatius Blout was a man of system and determination. One Christmas Eve he made a solemn resolution. "I shall never go through this again," he vowed. "During the coming year I shall prepare for the drain of the next Yuletide by laying aside \$10 a week. Thus, the dawn of the next holiday season will find me prepared."

Horatius Blout was a man of system and determination. He did as he had resolved. Each week \$10 went into the Christmas fund. Through thrift he triumphed. By December first the next year, he had paid the last bill incurred the previous Christmas.

-Ladies' Home Journal.

Teaspoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balt., Md.

Sweet Nothings

HE: I love your eyes with their lustrous rays focused lovingly into mine.

SHE: But those are just words, nothing more.

HE (piqued): Well, what did you expect them to be? Sandwiches?

-London Mail.

"OH, yes, we used to have lots o' calls fer mistletoe, but th' pocket flask has put it out o' business," says Benton Pusey, o' Th' Emporium.

-Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.

"How thankful I would be," mourns an Atchison woman, "if my husband were as patient with me as he is with static."—Atchison Globe.

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THE experience records of the Practicoat are the talk of every club. Men brag about its remarkable wear, its snug comfort its manly good looks All the qualities you want, guaranteed to your satisfaction-at a price that's a song. That's why the Practicoat is the accepted jacket in the \$5 class. If your dealer hasn't it, rder direct from us. Manhattan Mens Sizes KNITTING MILLS 8-14 West 30th St. New York City

Among the New Books

The Man Mencken. By Isaac Goldberg (Simon & Schuster). A welcome contribution to biographical literature and analytical criticism.

Manhattan Transfer. By John Dos Passos (Harper). Another shot at get-ting the color and pace of American life down on paper. To be reviewed

Thunder on the Left. By Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). A curious blend of fantasy and fiction centering upon a man with a Peter Pan complex.

Bread and Circuses. By W. E Woodward (Harper). The author of "Bunk" takes Michael Webb farther "Bunk" along the road. To be reviewed later.

Experiments. By Norman Douglas (McBride). A collection of characteristic papers and short stories, including "At the Forge." Those who dislike D. "At the Forge." Those who dislike D. H. Lawrence will find something here to their advantage and delight.

Hay Fever. By Noel Coward (Harper). The play in book form, giving us a chance to form our own

opinion as to its original merits.

Three Rousing Cheers for the Rollo Boys. By Corey Ford (Doran).
Burlesques of the old-time favorites dedicated to the editor of LIFE, who first saw their light.

My Ditty Bag. By Charles W. Brown (Small, Maynard). For those who like recollections of a life on the bounding wave.

Why We Behave Like Human Beings. By George A. Dorsey (Harper). ...And still the wonder grows That one small head can carry all he

knows.

The Black Joker. By Isabel Ostrander (McBride). Mystery and thrills with "Give me what you are hiding or you will never leave this room" as a point of departure.

The Sinister Man. By Edgar Wallace (Small, Maynard). Another satisfactory evening for the great minds who can't read "nothing else but."

The Clio. By L. H. Myers (Scribner). One gentleman of the old school and a group of sophisticated moderns heading on a yacht for a house party and landing in the Amazonian jungle.

The Chain of Life. By Lucretia Perry Osborn (Scribner). Those who haven't yet got evolution through their

heads may find this helpful.

Men Marooned. By George Marsh
(Penn Publishing Co.). Great Open
Space stuff in the fur-trade district.

Wings of Desire. By Maurice De-bra. Translated by Neal Wainkobra. wright (Macaulay). Hot stuff fifteen years ago, probably.

The Best Plays of 1924-25. Edited

by Burns Mantle (Small, Maynard). The year book of the drama in America.
The Aristocratic West. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould (Harper). The manners, customs and spirits of the "Coast" set forth by one of our most brilliant writers.

Many Laughs for Many Days. By Irvin S. Cobb (Doran). Three hun-dred and sixty-five stories handled by an expert.

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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

with the arrival of a letter from Mr. Hughes, who edits the D. A. C. News, forasmuch as he said therein that if I had been overpaid for a certain article, as I had timorously inquired, to think no more about it, but to fare forth and buy myself a handsome present. And when, later in the day, I put the same suggestion to Mr. Sherwood in connection with my regular copy, he made the same magnificent gesture, so now my faith in a Santa Claus has been rekindled, and the story of Elijah and the ravens does read once more like gospel. Fortune does, indeed, bring in some boats that are not steered. Walking down Madison Avenue, however, I did view in a window the kind of small table that I want beside my chaise-longue, so in, a weak-willed zany, to purchase it, but for the remaining distance home I did gaze upon nought save pedestrians and the traffic, and the next time I go out after being blessed with a windfall, I shall wear either a heavy veil or blinkers. The telephone a-ringing as I entered my house, and it was Bob Akin asking if he could bring some of his cronies over for tea, so agreed, and

when they came, I did sit behind my best service and pour tea for them. with no mention of spirituous liquors, until Bob became so fidgety and falsely mirthful that I was at some pains to keep up the jest, but Sam arrived in time to rescue them from the drouth, The Fillmore Hydes to dinner, and whilst we were at cards afterwards, Fillmore did tell me of a certain telephone number which, when called, repeats the correct Western Union time, with no questions asked, and when I accused him of spoofing, he quoth, Step to the telephone and try it. So I did, and a voice came back, Eleven thirty-three. The whole trend of this day has strengthened my conviction that the world is indeed full of a number of delightful things.

Baird Leonard.

HAVE you seen the CHRIST-MAS NUMBER OF LIFE? If not, run-do not walk-to the nearest news-stand and buy it.



OAST defense protects the life of a nation. gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum ten-derness that warns of Pyorrhea. Four out Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrheamany under fortyalso. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums: too. Remember — these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many door-wa'rs for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the icints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

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35c and 60c tubes All Druggists

R.J Formula of FORHAN CO. Forhan's, Ltd.

Dictionary for the Uninitiated

(See page 6 for "English as She is Spoke")

Snakin'—In company with a (young) lady.

Bender-An engagement.

Bag-Any girl.

Jumping Dandruff—Cut-down, or knock-down, Ford.

Wrestlin'—Necking, mugging, petting (whichever is least offensive to you).

Crock—Any vessel containing an alcoholic beverage.

Gussler-Drinker.

Knew her goolosh-Wasn't born yesterday.

Put the nose-bag on-Eat.

Quick and Dirty-Any college restaurant.

Ham and mud—Ham sandwich and chocolate malted milk.

Drag-Escort.

Struggle-A dance.

Resumed my horse-Departed.

Cometery—Any secluded place where there is nothing to repeat what has been seen.

Craved the flea-bag-Wished to go to hed.

A PESSIMIST is one who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street.





D IG, comfortable steamers your hotel for this wonderful cruise, including magnificent new S.S. Coamo in service, January, 1928. Option of staying at beautiful Condado-Vanderbilt Hotel while in San Juan. Wide range of accommodations. Ficturesque motor sight-seeing trips included in rate. Sailings every Thursday.

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Christmas—when you present her with a small strand of beautiful genuine pearls. Then look farther ahead and see her in young womanhood—the proud possessor of a magnificent pearl necklace. This is the Add-a-Pearl idea. Each year, on gift occasions, you or others, add new pearls to the string. It grows more precious with time. Make your little girl happy—at Christmas.

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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He Got the Foint

THE Prominent Educator knocked at the door of his eternal abode.

"Come right in," said the Keeper of the Entrance.

"No quizzing before I enter?" exclaimed the Prominent Educator in surprise.

"None."

"No intelligence tests?"

"None."

"No memory problems?" asked the

"None."

"No index to moral character required?"

"None."

"No yes-no list of questions?" persisted the Educator.

"None at all."

"Well," said the astonished Prominent Educator, "this is a mighty queer sort of heaven, I must say!"

"Heaven!" gasped the Keeper of the Entrance in surprise. "Who said anything about heaven?"

W. L. W.

FORMER King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has arrived in Rome incognito, according to a dispatch, but why, in these days of traveling movie stars and ring champions, a mere former king should bother to disguise himself eludes us.



NGRAM'S Therapeutic Shaving Cream is made particularly for you. It is more than a rapid beard softener—it prevents all after-shaving irritation and heals troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin smooth, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasureno longer a job to be dreaded.

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"Things used to close down here with the January freeze and not open up again till the ice went out of the river along in March. And cold weather was especially hard on the women folks, who used to be housed up from Christmas till just before Easter; but to-day no Jonesville woman objects to winter unless she has no calves; and even then, some of them will wear knickerbockers and hope for the best.

"I can remember seeing women in the dead of winter all huddled up in a sleigh, wearing hoods and sealskin sacks. But the head barber downstairs says his wife looked out the window this morning and saw the deep snow and said, 'Oh, goody, now I can wear my new satin pumps!"" McC. H.

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Seasonal Suggestion

To solve the Christmas question: let all gifts be sent anonymously.

Then Uncle Ike won't know whether you sent him anything or not, and won't be embarrassed over having failed to send you something.

And you, knowing that Uncle Ike won't know whether you sent a present or not, won't have to send anything.

And Uncle Ike, knowing that you won't know whether he sent anything or not, won't have to send anything.

In this way we'll soon reach the point where nobody will send anybody anything.

And that will be fine!

A Guide to New York

THE Avenues run south and north, The Streets run east and west; The Pedestrians run to and fro, And then run home to rest.

W. T.

RUFF: We don't hear much of this man Dawes nowadays.

BUFF: Oh, he's gradually becoming Vice-President.

To Everybody-

(And of course this means YOU)

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to risk outside. The nickel silver drainboard fits snugly on either sink or tub and may also be used as a serving tray.

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